

A

REVIEW

OF THE

STATE

OF THE

BRITISH NATION.

Saturday, March 6. 1708.

WELL, Gentlemen Complainers of our Navy Affairs, what think you of our Sea Mannagement now? — I don't say there has been no Error, no Knaves; I will not debate the Cheats and common Abuses of the Navy, and the Commanders, the taking of Convoy-Money of the Merchants, &c. without doubt it is a horrid Abuse upon Trade, and you see how it succeeds, just as all other Knaveries will, it ends in Destruction, and may it ever end so.

But let us cast our Eye to the Navy, which by the Clamour that has been made in Print, One would think, was in a most wretched Condition; and no doubt the *French* were made believe the same, or else they could not have been so rash to expect

to make a Descent upon us with 30 or 35 Men of War.

Well, with all the Distraction we are said to be in, Want of Men, Want of Ships, Absence of our Squadron in the *Mediterranean, and the like*, behold we have a Fleet riding before *Dunkirk*, daring them to come out at their Peril, and ready to fall upon them whenever they please to venture it; and another at the same Time ready to carry out our Recruits and Merchants Fleets to *Portugal*. Of which by it self.

There have been Deficiencies and ill Conduct in our Naval Affairs, no doubt, and I hope, Enquiry will be made into Causes and Persons, and some Enquiry has already been made, and the Guilty punished; but still as mean and as desperate as a late

late Speech made our Affairs, the *French*, to their Disappointment, will find, we are always able to appear at Sea, to match and meet with the most expeditious Equipment, they can form in any Part of the World.

I know it is expected, I should say something of the mighty Alarm we have in this Part of the World, of the *French* making a Descent upon us; and indeed I shall not say, there is no Occasion for the Alarm; the *French* are always vigilant to take Advantages, and the Confederates have not been always the most backward People to give them those Advantages; but as my Method of handling this, may differ from others, so I expect, as I am always treated, they that do not like the Author, will not like his Opinion, and they are welcome to let it alone; it is not calculated to please, but to serve them.

I make no Question, but those People, whom the *French* have employ'd to give them Accounts of our Affairs, have represented us in a very weak, naked Posture; and this has been occasion'd several Ways.

1. As Spies and Traytors generally do to please those that employ them, they give such Accounts as they know will be agreeable, and having some Ground to work on from our real Weakness, they have flatter'd them into a Fancy, that we were grown quite despicable; and representing us weaker than they will find us, have prompted them to think of an Attempt which they may find difficult enough, if ever they venture to make it.

2. And here, Gentlemen; you may see the Effects of Domestic Murmurs. The Embassadors of France finding our miserable Condition trumpeted out from the Mouths of our most Noble, &c. Long Speeches made, printed, and diligently dispers'd to expose us; Crying, DISMAL, DISMAL, like the Cry of Fire in the Dead of the Night. Could these People, if they were faithful to their unfaithful Office of Spying and Betraying our Weakness, do less than send the Enemy Word of it—

And thus they that pretended to speak for the Nations Good, and so put their Thumb to stop the Tide at Gravesend, may see, whose Work they have been doing, and that their Clamour has been an eminent Assistant to bring the *French* out upon us.

You tell us of Traytors at Home, a bad Ministry, a desperate Condition. Indeed, Sir, or my Lord, or be you who you will, you have been the worst Traytors to your Country, your Out-cries of being ruin'd and undone, and brought to the last Extremity, what Effect have they had? Indeed, your Long Speeches have been Invitations to the Enemy to come, and make good what you have said; and take hold of the miserable Condition you have represented us in, so make it worse.

It a Maxim in Trade, and will hold good in Government, never to publish our own Losses—Will a Goldsmith in Lombard Street, who lives by his Credit, boast, that he has lost 10000*l.* in such a Ship, or by such a Fire? What is the Consequence, but this? If he owes you 1000*l.* you will immediately draw it off, and 'tis the ready Way to bring all his Creditors upon his Back, and the Man is ruin'd, that was otherwise able to have stood his Ground.

If you publish your Disorders, and Divisions, and Home Distractions, Gentlemen, to the World, which by the way are your Weaknesses, whatever you may think of them, what will be the Consequence, but to bring your Enemies upon you, and prompt that Ruin you pretend to tremble at?

And could a Spy here have a better Foundation to represent our miserable, despicable Condition from, and to recommend his own Observations, than to send over to France my L^d H^s Speech—What tho' his L^dship told us, it would signify nothing, no doubt his L^dship knew it would signify nothing as to the preposterous Scheme propos'd, changing one side, and continuing another; but his L^dship is too penetrating, not to know it would have its Signification in another Place, and that his old Friends abroad, whose Cause

Cause he had lately restor'd himself to, would take the Word from him, and endeavour to prove him Inspir'd, by introducing the Consequences.

And now we see the Effect——The *French*, say they, are preparing to make a Descent upon us—Now, tho' I must own, I cannot yet but have some secret Thoughts, that Design is not upon Britain immediately, yet I shall speak of it, as it is noised to be, Viz. A Descent upon Britain, whether North or South, I shall examine apart.

I confess, the Tables seem to be mightily turn'd upon us; We that were invading France but two Year ago, sent them on their knees to their Idols to implore Protection, and had all their Coasts in Arms, and some of them ready to Mutiny; that made them tremble at our shadow, and run to the Churches to engage their whole Armies of Saints and Martyrs to fight against us.

How was your humble-Servant Bullied in Print, and abus'd enough by the late Writers, for saying, we fought for Peace, that the Confederates struggled for Liberty not for Conquests, and to Dethrone the *French* Tyranny rather than the *French* Kingdom; and nothing would serve them, but limbing the *French* King, as the Boys do a Kite, pulling him down, and sharing his Dominions? Indeed, I was for having him restore all his ill gotten Goods, and demolish his Fortifications, Disband and Disarm, as the only security for keeping the Peace, but these People were so mad with Delirium, that nothing would serve them but reviving our old Title to *Aquitain, Poitou, Normandy, &c.* and taking them for their own: Thus they were, as they always are, raving with Extreams.

And pray, Gentlemen, let us see what we are doing now; these Madmen are the same, that are now running us all into a *National Hypocrite*—And crying out *Treason, Treason*, upon every occasion; and what does it all tend to? not to redressing our Mismanagements, and forming new Measures, but enflaming the Nation against the Government, and running us into Confusions and Jealousies one of another, which how

it will serve the Enemy, and disable us from making due Efforts against them, let any Man Judge.

Nay, Gentlemen, will you bear to be told, what has raised the *French* to this superiority over us, after three of the greatest shocks that ever any Enemy receiv'd in this World without sinking under them; trace this to its Causes, you will find it all among Friends, some deficient, some designing, some delaying, some pushing their own Glory another way, and forcing you to discharge them; some jealous of you, some giving you cause to be jealous of them; I name no body, *English, Germans, Swedes, Portuguese*, take it among you, 'tis the same thing; the Farce has been Acted, till the *French* have made it a Tragedy, and we are putting it forward, to bring the Scene among our selves.

Well, it is endless to make Reflections, the business is to enquire what must be done now, and let who will have brought us into the Gulph, our business is to get out of it——Not stand looking at one another, folding our hands, and Cavilling at one another, with a *you have brought us to this*, and *you have brought it upon us*; but let us now see what is to be done.

And pray what is it you do when the Street is on Fire, and the Neighbours all in a fright? Do! Why you get it out again; what should you do? You fetch Water, Engines, Buckets, Fire-men, and pour on till you get it under foot; if that won't do, you fetch Gunpowder and blow up, long Hooks and pull down; in short, you never give it over till 'tis Out—Are the *French* a coming, and what must we do? Do! Why, you must fight them, what would you do? Fight them at Sea if you can; before they come, and fight them on Shore after they come; you must act like true Britains, show them your Faces upon every Plain, and expose your Bodies in the Field upon every demand, in defence of Liberty, Religion, the Laws of England, and the Union of Britain; this is the way, and as I have often told you, when you have despised the *French* to the last degree, and particularly last Year at *Toulon*—This is the

the only way to deal with the *French*, you must fight them, you must dispute every Hill, and every Vale, and part with not an inch of your *Terra firma*, but at the point of your Swords.

We are now call'd *Britains*; pray, Gentlemen, remember your Ancestors the Original *Britains*, whom we find now but in a Remnant, in the Mountains of *Wales*, how did they lose their Possession of this Country? I'll tell you, in such a manner as makes their Memory very Glorious to Posterity; they lost it in above 200 Years Vigorous Fighting, in which time, I think we have above 300 pitch'd Battles fought, never discourag'd by Losses, they appear'd in the Field at every Call, resisted every Violence, and never quitted their Possession till there were no more *Britains* left to possess: When they could maintain themselves no longer upon the Surface, they buried themselves into the Solid, and left their Bones to keep possession for their Posterity; the few that remain'd fled to the Mountains of *Wales*, &c. where to the last they asserted their Right to the whole, and never slept an occasion of recovering it.

Can I lead you to a better Example, this is the course you must take with the *French*, and never look DISMAL, and discourage one another; fighting will do it, and if nothing else can do it, that is the Method—I know we have liv'd in Plenty and Ease, Luxury and Sloth, and never seen an Enemy in our own Bowels, and this renders us very unfit for Action.

It is very true, we have never seen it, nor have we seen a great many other things, which had our Eyes been open to our Peace, would have been very obvious; we have been always dim sighted to our own Happiness, and what now? Why now the *French* are a coming to bring you over some Spectacles; and thro' the Eyes that they may help you to, perhaps you may chance to see—And what shall we see?—Truly the first thing we shall see, will be, that we were blind before——No

Man will recover a Delusion, till he gets a Sense of his being deluded: if any Man will be wise, says the Text, let him become a Fool; I shall give some Directions for the use of *French Spectacles* in the following Papers, and may all those that want the help of these sort of Spectacles go and buy them, I hope honest Men may learn to see without them

THE Author asks pardon of the Publick, for deceiving their expectation, as to his speaking of the new Prophets, which this more Popular Subject has at present oblig'd me to Adjourn for the present, but as soon as this Affair is a little over, I shall not fail to oblige them according to my Promise.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Thomas Pritchard, at the Saracens-Head in Little Carter Lane, near St. Paul's, London, having a Son who had a very bad Rupture, and applying to Mr. Bartlett, at the Golden Ball in P. J. ot-street in Goodman's-Fields, London, He perform'd the Cure in four Days to my great Surprise, and my Son has remain'd well ever since.

This is to give Notice, that I Richard Baker, of Lawrence-Polneys Lane, Cannonstreet, London, having had a Rupture for about fifty Years; at last I apply'd my self to the late Mr. Christopher Bartlett, at the Golden Ball by the Tavern in Prescot-street in Goodman's-Fields; who, by his ingenious Invention of Spring-Trusses and Rupture Spirits, with the Blessing of GOD, made a perfect Cure in about eight Months, and I have been perfectly well ever since, which is about four or five Years.

NOTE, His Son P. Bartlett lives at the same Place as above-mention'd, and carries on the same Business, as his Father did; having been by him thoroughly Educated therein.